

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 39.

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LADIES MUSEUM.

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

A FRAGMENT.

Alas! the painful task is over! the scene has closed, and never can be renewed—the fond hours we have so much enjoyed, have gone forever by. I clasped his hand, and felt as none but friends indeed can feel—feelings which language itself cannot express. I cast a last lingering look as he departed from me—the tears ran silently down my cheek, as I dwelt upon the last affectionate farewell. After he had gone, I sat myself down—me thought that fatal hour had arrived, when the destinies of mankind should be unfolded. But I trust we shall meet again, when parting scenes, like this, shall be no more.

X. Y.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

THE STUDY OF SELF KNOWLEDGE.

"The proper study of mankind is man."—The great poet, who asserted this, was intimately acquainted with the subject of his immortal "Essay." He had investigated all its relations, whether pertaining to this life, or that beyond the grave; and, after surveying the various arts and sciences which have attracted the human intellect, he has pronounced the study of himself, or what is commonly called "self knowledge," to be the great lesson, to which man, in preference to all others, should sedulously apply.

How then are we to commence, profitably, this important duty? Is it not by looking into the nature and examining the properties of our subject? If we would acquire a Dead or Foreign language, we first make ourselves acquainted with its grammar, and thus learn to distinguish in what it differs from those general principals of grammar which govern alike the polished periods of the Parisian, the rough gutturals of the German, or the simple but energetic talk of the savage Indian. So, in the study of ourselves, we should first learn the syntax of the human heart, and

aim to distinguish our own aberrations from those general principals of ethereal or moral grammar which were ordained by the Creator, to govern his creature, man. By looking minutely into ourselves, alas! how many cants, irregulars and false concords shall we find.

In the pursuit of this study, our business will be to count these, and to attain that truly elegant style of thought and action, which may entitle us to the character of good scholars, and prepare us for the reward promised to those, who diligently seek after the truth, in the life to come. In the prosecution of this sublime study, we are not, as in the pursuit of every other, exposed to the expense of time or money; for we may learn our lessons, as we plod the road, and con our lessons upon our pillows. And let us ever reflect with gratitude to the author of our being, that he has provided each of us with a preceptor, perfectly master of the sublime science he professes to teach, and who is ever ready to instruct when we are disposed to listen. Need I mention the name of this accomplished teacher? It is *Conscience*.

J. D. T.

A TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

*Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
For what is wedlock, forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.*

SHAKESPEARE.

I have often had occasion to remark the evil effects of opposition on the part of parents to their children forming their own matrimonial engagements. The evils resulting from this practice are of two kinds—as they operate forward on the effect, and backward on the cause; that is, children are rendered unhappy by the opposition of their parents, and parents, by the unhappiness of their children.—That such is the fact, and that parents ought not to oppose the choice of their children, if that choice be founded on the solid base of virtue, will appear obvious by a few considerations.

The object of marriage is mutual convenience and happiness. The degree of happiness will depend on the degree of similarity in the dispositions of those who form this connexion. This must be determined by acquaintance; and of this, most obviously, the parties concerned are the best judges. When, therefore, any of the two sexes meet and avow their attachment for each other, and feel a mutual flame of affection in their breasts, who shall rise up and aim a dividing blow between them? An enemy may endeavor to do it, but shall the parents? No, for such an action is the expression of a heart, ranking with the deepest, foulest enmity. Parents may have once felt the pain and the pleasure of love, but now the frost of age has nipt the ardor and generous

emotions of youth. They cannot, therefore, enter into the feelings of their children, nor predict, with any degree of certainty, the result of those feelings, when they shall have mingled in the embraces of matrimony. For parents, then, to smother that glow of affection which has been kindled in the hearts of their children, is to sluice a fountain whose waters will embitter all their future days. The utmost, then, that parents ought to do, when the views of their children do not coincide with their own, is to *advise* and *persuade*, not to *enforce* compliance.

The following fact, which occurred not long since, in the neighborhood of the writer, may be considered as a fair specimen of that opposition which has occasioned these remarks, though not terminating in those evil effects which have been enumerated:

Eliza was the beautiful offspring of a merchant in C—. Though her education had been extremely contracted, yet so lavish had nature been of every mental endowment, that very little aid was required from art to give to each its full degree of brilliancy and effect. Those who beheld her, and knew the manner in which she had been educated, could not but admire the graceful ease of her deportment, and wondered whence she drew those large supplies of reason and humor, which enriched and enlivened her conversation. Her heart was peculiarly alive to excellence wherever seen; it felt for others' woes, and was unwearied in its endeavors to mitigate them.

The reverse of this was the character of her father. Inheriting alike the estate and narrow views of his ancestors, he had felt none of those liberal and expansive feelings of benevolence, which we so much admire in our race, and which characterize the good man. Wealth and worldly honors were, in his estimation, the only criterion of human merit. Intercourse with the humble, but virtuous poor, was maintained only so far as his interest was concerned; and their approaches in the name of friendship, or with the claims of consanguinity, were as carefully repulsed, as if contact and contamination were identical.

His partner, by long habit, moulded her feelings to his own, and entered, with a full heart, into all his contracted views. The affection, therefore, of such parents, to Eliza, must have met with so many interposing obstacles, before it could act efficiently in her behalf, as to dwindle down to mere "lip-service." In their instructions to her, also, they insisted as strongly on the doctrine of passive obedience, as any of the potentates of Europe.

Had Eliza been left, by her parents, as she was by nature, free to choose her a partner for life, her penetration would undoubtedly have guided her judgment, and fixed her affections on an object worthy of her loveliness; but even in this point, (which concerned nothing less than her future happiness or misery,) was Eliza doomed to be the slave of parental authority, at the expense of every suggestion of reason, and every sentiment and feeling of the heart.

And will she submit to it? No. She hesitates, indeed, in deciding the question of duty. But, 'tis over—she is determined to act here for herself alone. Such a decision, while it gave her a conscious freedom of action, and inspired an energy of mind that would look down all opposition, would, at the same time, she well knew, deprive her of disinterested parental advice and assistance. She had none at hand with whom she could sympathize, for none around her had ever felt as she felt. Surrounded by so many untoward circumstances, Eliza was indeed like the rose in the wilderness,

"Wasting its sweetness on the desert air,"

with none to admire its beauty, or inhale its fragrance. But through the most dreary deserts the lonely traveller sometimes wanders; and on beauties like this, his eye delights to repose. So it happened to Eliza.

In her twentieth year, when excellence had stamped its seal on her heart and life, a young physician came into C——, and commenced the practice of his profession. His character, as a skilful and judicious physician, was soon established; and intercourse with society developed moral qualities, which those most intimate with him, were fearless in the assertion, would bear the test of investigation. But his circumstances were narrow, and his origin humble. To enlarge the former, he depended on skill in his profession; but from the latter, he expected no honor, but rather to reflect a lustre upon it. In short, he was one of those rare characters, who consider personal worth as the only basis on which to erect the superstructure of solid independence and distinction, and expect to be the sole authors of their fame.

Soon after his arrival, he saw, for the first time, the fair Eliza, in a promiscuous assembly. The first meeting of their eyes excited emotions in their breasts, which further acquaintance ripened into friendship, and ultimately into a warm and generous affection for each other. The solemn pledge was reciprocally given, that, if Providence smiled propitious, their union and happiness should be consummated by marriage. But though they knew that her parents, who saw things "through a glass darkly," would oppose the claims of avarice to the generous wishes of their hearts, and would, if possible, wrest from them what, to their hearts, had greater charms than the throne of the Caesars; still, sentiments of virtuous affection animated their hearts, and gathered strength too firm to be blasted by the breath of calumny, or broken by the wiles of malice. Nor were they unsupported in their opinions; for even strangers, who saw them, were heard to say, that souls, so much alike, *ought never to be separated.*

While Alonzo and Eliza were thus strengthening their mutual affection by the tenderest sentiments, her parents were forming schemes of greatness for their daughter, incompatible with the best and noblest feelings of her heart. But Alonzo's frequent visits, and marked attentions to Eliza, and the smile of complacency, that sat upon her brow when in his company, soon dispelled the illusions of their fancy, and told them that their castles were built in the air; and when they heard from Eliza's own lips the story of her unalterable attachment to Alonzo, their dis-

pleasure knew no bounds. He was forbidden their house, and every scheme was adopted that ingenuity could devise, to wean her, as they expressed it, from her unfortunate attachments. She was surrounded by professed admirers, glittering with wealth and honors, and soliciting her acceptance of their fortunes and their hearts. Alonzo was defamed—his reputation made as "nothing worth"—and his infidelity talked of, as a matter of course. But the firmness with which she repulsed these addresses, and the calm serenity of her countenance, amid reproaches, menaces and falsehoods, loudly told how cheerfully she reposed her heart on the fidelity of her Alonzo. She was then sent to reside with some relatives in a distant part of the country. But notwithstanding the many artifices resorted to, to separate these lovers, they yet remained firm as the mountain oaks. She returned, after considerable time, with the same unshaken resolution, and, except in this instance, with the same dutiful submission to her parents. They saw, with pain, that her regards for Alonzo were not diminished, and again dispatched her away, with many bitter reproaches for her obstinacy and filial gratitude. But absence only strengthened the bonds of union between these kindred souls; and she again returned, with her affections purified by affliction, as gold is purified by fire.

It was not until persecution had risen to such a height, as to render life a burden, that the idea of elopement rose in her mind. To remain as she was, would subject her to numberless mortifications; and to elope, was a step, which she well knew, was big with danger to her future peace. This, however, was her only alternative. She weighed the question with impartiality; and she decided on a course which had opened an untimely grave for many a lovely female; yet, fearlessly committing her cause to Him who is the friend of the friendless, she was determined, with the approbation of Alonzo, on the adventure. But how can she compass her designs, while a vigilant eye marks all her movements? A female friend of hers, who had gained the confidence of her father, obviated the difficulty. Between her and Alonzo the plan was arranged. A walk was proposed to Eliza, one day, about sun-set, and her friend was to accompany her as a guard. Having reached the summit of a hill, at some distance from the house, they discover a carriage making towards them at full speed. It is Alonzo. He alights—offers Eliza his hand to assist her into the carriage—and at the same time submits it to her option to either accept or refuse. After a moment's hesitation, she gives him her hand, with a look that bespoke the anguish of her heart; and amid the noise of the carriage, as it whirled away, the exclamation falls on the ear of her friend—"My father! O! my father! it will break his heart!" They were soon out of sight, and beyond the reach of pursuit. At a neighboring village, they plighted hands, and took upon them the matrimonial vow of fidelity to each other, and proceeded directly to Canada. After the lapse of a few months, they commenced their journey homeward, not knowing what would befall them there.

In the mean time, the discovery of Eliza's elopement excited the warmest indignation of her father.

To disinherit, and disown her, was a punishment, in his estimation, too small for the crime. But when the first paroxysm of his rage subsided, reason resumed her sway, and induced him to serious reflection. He thought of the excellencies of his daughter—of her mildness and meekness under all his cruel treatment of her—and of the truly filial piety which had governed all her conduct: and the thought melted his heart. He now seemed to appreciate the reasons that guided her choice of Alonzo, in preference to others of higher stations, and greater wealth; and he heartily longed to bow down, and ask their forgiveness of his conduct, and to see them firmly united by marriage.

As soon as the news of their approach arrived, he went out to meet them. He embraced them with a warm but contrite heart—urged upon them the acceptance of all his fortune, and to make *his house their home.*

A. B.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

Doubtless many a pretty Miss expects, in this story, to read of a career of glorious conquests; and her blue eyes brighten, and her little heart beats quicker, at the thought of being, one day, the heroine, herself, of some legendary prose, and of having her own victories recorded. Well, the desire to be beloved may reign in an amiable bosom—may possess a kind and benevolent heart—but power is dangerous, there are so many temptations to its abuse.—These things I would have my fair readers remember as they go along with me—and it may be we shall all be wiser, and therefore better, before we part.

If you should ever go to Alesbury, you will see a sweet little cottage in the meadows towards the river valley, half hid away amid a cluster of black alders, with its white chimney and snowy palings, peeping through the foliage—and they will tell you that Annette Merton once lived there, for all the villagers remember her. It was one of those terrestrial paradises which the sick heart, weary with the wrongs of men, so often pictures to itself—so often longs for—and she, oh, she was a beautiful creature—my heart even now beats quicker as her image rises before me.

She was a gay, lively girl, with the polish of a summer in the city, and a fine education—and whatever her talents might have been, she at least possessed the power of pleasing, the tact of winning hearts, in a most copious measure; I never could divine exactly how she did it—but there was a free, frank, friendly air about her that inspired confidence; and gifted thus at all points, she played a most masterly game among the village beaux. Every body was glad to gallant her—was emulous which should pay her the most attention—and every young gentleman in the village, who could afford to spruce himself up a little once in twenty-four hours, paid her an afternoon or an evening visit.

It would have been amusing to one who went as a mere spectator to have attended a Saturday evening levee at the Alder Cottage—amusing to see the address practised by the competitors for her smiles in eliciting some distinguished mark of her favor—they gathered round her in the little parlor, and if she

spoke, there was a strife as to who should most approve what she said; if she dropped her handkerchief, two or three heads were thumped together in the effort to restore it to her—and if she walked, they were happy who got at her side, and all the rest were miserable. There were to be seen all kinds of faces, and every description of temper—and such a spectator might have been edified; but the principal impression on his mind would probably have been, that, courting, under such circumstances, was a most particularly foolish kind of a business.

But Annette sung—"The moon had climbed the highest hill"—and told Boarding-School stories, and talked eloquently about love and poetry—music and painting—was witty, sentimental, and good-natured—was invincible, always, absolutely always the conquerer. The young ladies of the village saw themselves undeservedly deserted; looked month after month on the success of their general rival; and prayed, probably, (if young ladies ever pray about such matters,) that Annette might speedily make a choice among her worshippers, and leave them the remainder. It was a forlorn hope; she intended to do no such thing; she was the village belle; and the village belle she meant to be.

It so happens, however, that great beauties, like all other great folks, who have to take their common chances in the fortunes of humanity, sometimes, in the end, outwit themselves. In process of time, one and another, and again another wedding took place in the village; the girls, whose names were seldom spoken, whose modest pretensions and retiring habits were perfectly eclipsed by the brilliancy of the reigning star, secured their favorites; were wooed, and won, and married; and still Annette coquetted with all, and was still admired by all. How many good offers she refused or slighted, were only recorded in her own memory. "Hope deferred," saith the proverb, "makes the heart sick." Those who were sincere in their addresses, gradually, one after another, offered themselves, were rejected, or put off, and fell into some easier road to matrimony. She was at last left with courtiers as heartless, in love matters, as herself, who sought her company because she was agreeable—flattered with her because she was "the belle"—and romped with, and kissed her, whenever they had an opportunity, because it is always worth some pains to win such a favor from a beautiful girl. We never, never get to be too much of the bachelor for this; well might Byron ask—

"Who can curiously behold

*The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow cold?"*

But time rolled on; and the grass at length began to grow in the path that led over the meadows to the cottage; Annette became alarmed at the symptoms, and seizing the only chance left, engaged herself to her only remaining beau. He was at the time about going to spend a season in the city; they were to be married on his return. She accepted him, not because she thought him the best of all her suitors, but because he was the only one left, and had always held himself at her service. Her part of the play was ended; she became domestic, sedate, and studied housewifery.

The time finally arrived; her old beau came back

to the village; and a day or two after, strolled over to the cottage with his pipe, in appearance quite an antiquated man. But he said nothing about the subject of matrimony. Annette at last took the liberty of reminding him of his engagement. He started, "Indeed, madam, you surprise me." "Surprise you, why, sir?" "Because, (said he,) I never dreamed that you could be serious in such a thing as a matrimonial engagement; and, meeting with a good opportunity, I got married before I left the city."

Fortune had finished the game, and Annette was left to pay the forfeit: she never married, because she never had another chance. And her's is but the history common to hundreds of those fair creatures, who, trifling with the power that beauty gives them over the minds of men, sacrifice every thing at the shrine of ambition, and aim only to enjoy the title and the triumph that lights for a little while the sphere of the *Village Belle*.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Providence, April 15, 1826.

Mr. Maycey—

The following lines were written, after witnessing the pleasing scenes therein alluded to. Their merits are at your disposal. Should they meet your approbation, you will gratify the author by giving them an insertion in your paper. And should their fate be otherwise determined, he assures you he will be prepared to meet the event.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"ROMEO."

AN EVENING SKETCH.

The golden sun had now reclin'd
Into his western bed,
And bright reflected from behind
His beams of richest red.

The tinkling bell of lowing herds
Pass'd o'er the ear with grace;
The ceasing notes of wand'ring birds
With other scenes kept pace.

The labor'r from his task return'd,
And as his way pursu'd,
With gratitude his bosom burn'd
Whilst peace and joy he woo'd.

I gaz'd with rapture on each scene,
And thought how blest are they,
Who from a busy life can wear
Affection's ties, and here obey
Nature's loud call to rural life:
Such be my lot, and such my rife.

ROMEO.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Cold winter's frosty head lies low,
Hard on a bed of driven snow;
Oh, that his dreary reign were o'er,
And Spring were entering at the door.

The wish had scarcely pass'd my lips,
When from the south the maiden trips;
Hither with eager steps she hies,
When stiff and cold the tyrant lies.

She listens to his hideous snore,
While north-west winds in concert roar;
Nearer she comes with noiseless pace,
And breathes upon his icy face.

Her balmy breath his eye-lids warm,
He raises up his rugged form,
And struggling to regain his power,
He spouts aloft a snowy shower.

The snowy shower dissolves in rain,
And down the tyrant sinks again!
Once more she breathes—the sun-beams play,
Till, quite subdu'd, he melts away.

From hill to vale, he's gliding fast,
And in a stream is drown'd at last;
With April face of smiles and tears,
No more his iron grasp she fears.

Gaily she carols forth her song,
Whilst early birds around her throng;
With *hyacinths* her head is crown'd,
Shedding delicious fragrance round;

And *violets*, with their rich perfume,
Around her neck in clusters bloom;
Her cheeks display the blushing *rose*,
Carnation on her lips repose;

Sweet *pinks* upon her bosom rest,
And *heart's-ease* lie within her breast;
Of brightest green her robe is ting'd,
With *jonquils* and with *tulips* fring'd—

The *lady-slipper*, gay and neat,
Seem made for Cinderilla's feet;
Strip'd *ribband-grass* these sandals lace,
And modest *thrift* her ancles brace;

And *daisies* quill'd in triple row,
Hang "on her light fantastic toe"—
Bright *silver bells* her footsteps print,
"Her very step has music in't."

A golden rod is in her hand,
More gifted than Prospero's wand;
At every step she onward takes,
Some living thing is rous'd and wakes—

The *lilac* blooms within its reach;
Forth bursts the blossom of the *peach*;
The naked *crocus* lifts its head,
Cold, shivering from its leafless bed—

With haste the yellow *daffodil*
Throws o'er her neck a golden frill,
And pale *narcissus*, Ovid's theme,
Leaves the lov'd shadow in the stream;

And lowly *periwinkles* run,
Blooming without a summer's sun—
And glittering *butter-cup* that throws
Its yellow dust upon your nose;

And on *side-saddles* gaily ride
Fair-maids-of-France and *London-pride*;
Blue-bells from Scotland hither come,
And, with the *shamrock*, find a home;

And *snow-drop* pluck'd from Russian bear,
And *Bethlehem star*, to christians dear—
All rise to deck the virgin's bower,
Fresh glittering with an April shower.

BALLAD.

I wonder, Cupid, who you are?
Your beauty suits me well;
Your graceful limbs and flowing hair
Throw round a magic spell.

Your deep blue eyes in wildness glance,
Like lightning on the sea;
They make my heart, quick beating, dance,
And thrill right merrily.

And on your cheeks of rosy hue,
Are sweetly mantled smiles,
Where all the graces, full in view,
Display their waggish wiles.

Your little plummy wings at side,
Hang drooping down in case,
To screen the bow and arrows tied
For shooting when you please.

Some say you are a saucy lad,
And fame reports it right;
For oft you make ten thousand mad,
By ogling eyes one night.

Yes, love is call'd a deep ferment,
A vulture at the heart;
To feed this vulture, who'll consent,
Well pleas'd to bear the smart!

I pray you never be too rude,
But always favor me—
Go, play your tricks on some old prude,
Who feigns strict nicety.

Tell—if a query you'll allow—
How you so active are?
I'll take upon me any vow
To gain an answer'd pray'r.

I'm Cupid call'd, the god of love,
A subtle thing in truth,
A beardless boy, and born to rove,
And bloom in fadeless youth.

Full oft I throw a searching dart,
As on my wings I fly,
But only mean to pierce the heart,
By shooting through the eye!

I joy to vex the youthful breast
With sighs, and doubts, and fears;
I laugh, when jealousy repeat
A lover's words, and tears!

When lovely eyes and lips are greeting,
I then display my power,
And seal affection's kisses meeting
Like dew-drops on a flower. PRION.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1826.

QUICK WORK.

It is stated, that M. Culpepper, Esq. of Camden county, N. C. buried his wife, courted and married a second, and was buried himself, *all* in the narrow compass of *six weeks*—having been a mournful and disconsolate widower 3 weeks, and a happy bridegroom the same length of time, when death, in an unwelcome moment, stepped in and put a period to his joys!

RIDING A WHALE.

The New-York Truth Teller, on the authority of a correspondent, states, that a sailor, in the Greenland fishery, after having struck a whale, fell overboard, but soon found himself mounted on the back of the whale, and had presence of mind enough to put his hand in the blower, or spout hole, to secure his seat, being unprovided at the time with either saddle or bridle. Contrary to custom, John's pony kept near the surface of the water, and bore him in such style, and at such a rate, as never mortal rode before; the boats all the while in full chase, and the crews ever and anon singing out, "hold fast, John." In this way he posted full a mile, and was then taken on board one of the boats.

The Editors of the Middletown (Conn.) Gazette are of opinion that the above would be a fine fish-story, were it not that the famous Dr. Mitchell has proved, beyond all controversy, that "a whale is not a fish."

FORTUNE TELLING.

A correspondent of one of the New-York papers states, that notwithstanding the opportunities of religious instruction, and the vigilant police, there is a place in the very heart of that city, where a dirty, ill-looking hag of a wench, is in the habit of receiving from fifteen to twenty dollars a day from servants, laborers, coachmen, sailors, dandies, love-sick girls, seamen's wives' widows, &c. &c. for telling their fortunes. Persons doubting the truth of this statement, (says the correspondent,) may satisfy themselves by calling and spending an hour in the "lobby" of the dwelling of M. Berrier, corner of Walker and Chapel Streets, (a filthy little front shop, containing an oyster box, a few herbs, some half a dozen boxes containing molasses cakes, two or three kegs for retailing red eye, &c. to serve as a cloak for the business carried on there,) which they will find crowded from morning till night, with persons of the above description, and of every size and grade of color, from the jet black wench, of two hundred and fifty pounds, to the rosy little lass, just entering her teens, waiting, not for the "moving of the waters," but, for "their turn" to be admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of this divining "Misse Phillese." He further adds, that not only the peace of individuals has been disturbed, but families have been broken up by the prognostications of this wench.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For reasons, which it may not be proper here to state, but which we will give if personally called upon, we must decline publishing the note of "P. Q. & Co." The practise of which they complain, and very justly, too, *cannot* altogether be obviated by us; thus much, however, we will assure them—the same person shall not again be the cause of their complaint. "Amicus," will find a note at the post-office, which he is particularly requested to call or send for.

"Sempronius," and "A Friend to the Ladies," in our next.

Wanted immediately, a few copies of the 35th No. of the Ladies Museum, for which a reasonable price will be given, on application at this Office.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Gano, Mr. James H. Hodge, of Boston, to Miss Mary B. Simmons, of this town.

On the same evening, by Rev. Mr. Edes, Mr. Horatio Webb, Printer, to Miss Betsey Pike, both of Brooklyn, Con.

In Rehoboth, on Monday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Vernon, Mr. Joseph Capron, of Attleborough, to Miss Adeline Bliss, of Rehoboth.

In Cumberland, on the 15th inst. by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Arnold Cooke to Miss Ellen Ann Jillson, both of that place.



DIED,

In this town, on Thursday last, Amelia Cooke, infant daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Rhodes.

Same evening, Mrs. Mary Eddy, in her 88th year, relict of the late Mr. Esek Eddy.

On Sunday morning last, Sarah, infant daughter of Major Wm. R. Frost, aged 21 months.

Same evening, Mrs. Pamela Angell, wife of Mr. Thomas Angell, in the 52d year of her age.

On Sunday night last, John Martin, infant son of Mr. Sylvester S. Southworth, aged 6 months.

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Jane Haswell, wife of Mr. Philip Haswell, aged 33 years.

☞ New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.